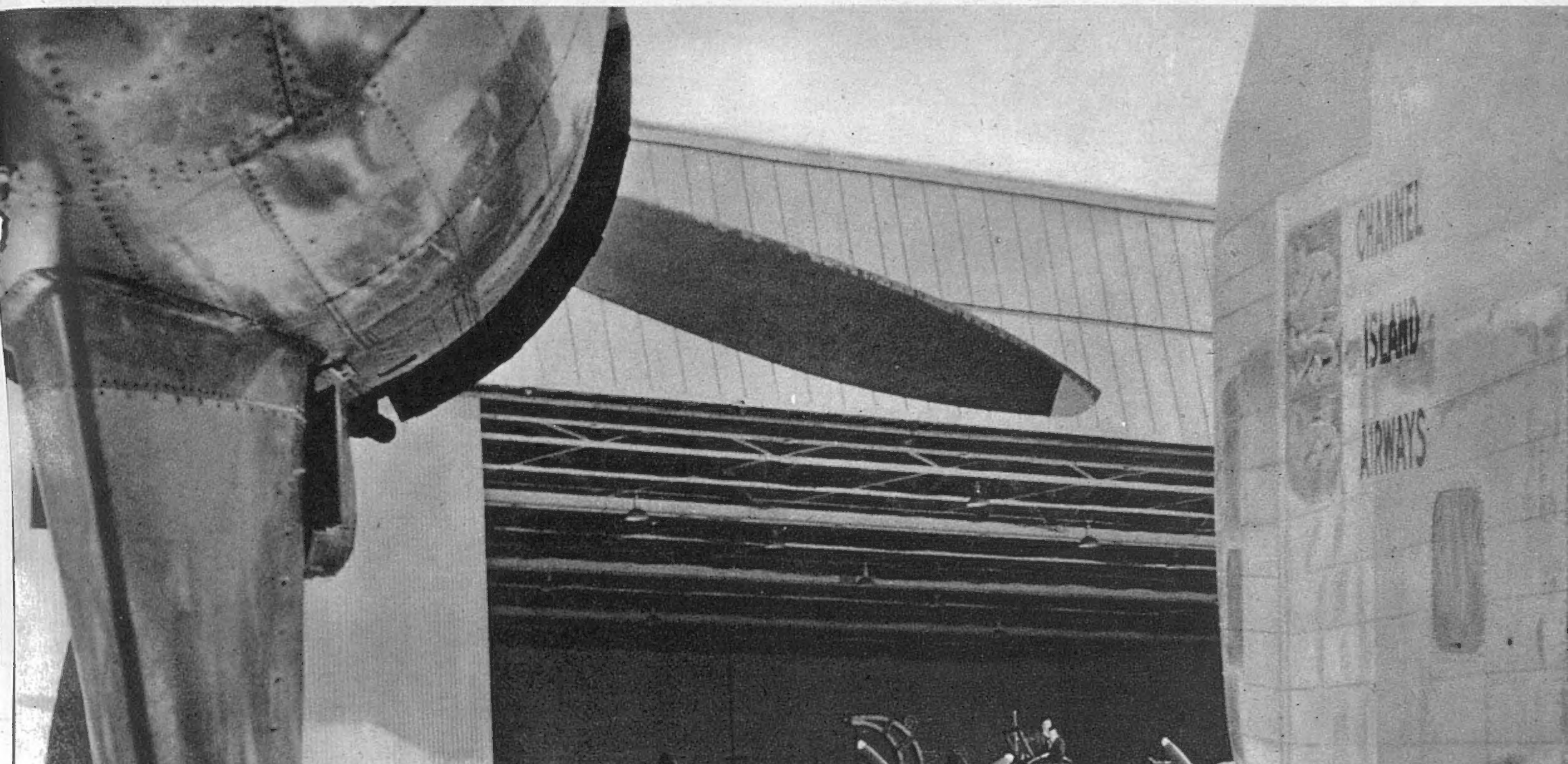
The Sketch

No. 2652—Vol. CCIV. WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1946 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.
Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



BRISTOL NOTABLES!

CARY GRANT, *the Bristol boy who ran away from home to join a circus and became one of Hollywood's most famous screen-stars, went back to his home-town the other day to see relations and inspect bomb damage. He's a director of an American airline, so was able to appreciate the technical points of the new 'planes he saw at the Bristol Aeroplane Company's Filton factory. Here he's taking a look at the first Wayfarer aircraft, to be delivered to the Channel Islands Airways, Ltd., after a proving flight fixed for May 9. Cary's been on a flying visit to Europe to plan a film for Sir Alexander Korda's new independent group, British Lion Films, and will return early next year to make it. In the meantime he's gone to Paris en route for the U.S.A. He's forty-two, fit, sun-tanned and remarkably full of energy, and was formerly married to millionairess Barbara Hutton.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

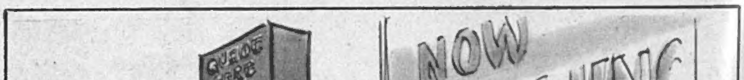
Crumbs for Lazarus. The only time I ever feel like a bloated plutocrat is when I think about bread. It is a shameful thing to confess, but all my pampered life a slice of bread more or less has meant practically nothing to me. If there was no bread, that could only be because the baker had forgotten to call. Usually, there was too much bread—a lot of it found its way into puddings the day after, sometimes redeemed, and sometimes unredeemed, by currants or raisins. If asked, at any stage of my life, the price of a loaf of bread, I should not have had the least idea. Not that I went unreminded, in salad days, of the economic and moral value of bread: I got to know well, and learned to hate, that "poor little boy" who would have been thankful for my crusts. But it was difficult to take him seriously—he was just one of those queer whimsies of parents, who had to be humoured in such matters. There couldn't *really* be any little boy who attached importance to a crust of stale bread; for bread was one of those things which one took for granted, and stale bread one had to take for granted only too often.

"Have you a book on share-pushing? Mine aren't moving at all well." [DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.]

"Can't They Have Cake?" All which means that I—though you might never think it to look at me—am a Privileged Person who ought to be ground to dust by the proletariat. For, throughout history, there has been a vast proletariat to whom a slice of bread has been terribly important. The price of the quartern loaf has nearly precipitated revolutions in England. "The children are crying for bread"—and they can't have cake instead, as Marie Antoinette so tactfully suggested. The petition for daily bread has been the Poor Man's Prayer for nearly two thousand years. There is no getting away from it—taking bread for granted all my life fixes a gulf between me and millions of my fellow-creatures. But I don't know what I can do about it. Even when I am told that the size of the loaf is to be reduced, I can't feel any real deprivation. It occurs to me merely that it may be good for my figure. Surely it is inconceivable that I should *lack* a slice of bread if I really wanted it?

Living to Eat and Eating to Live. It is not inconceivable, however, to a great many people all over the world to-day. Have you ever been really hungry? I mean *really* hungry, so that you would give anything you possessed for any kind of food? Many of us, at some time or other, have been really thirsty, with a thirst which would put Colonel Chinstrap to shame. It is a fearful torment. But, for myself, I have only once in my life been desperately hungry, to the verge of starvation, and although it was an experience which I do not forget, I suppose it was trivial compared with hunger-unto-death. This is a gloomy subject and I, with my bad training in the matter of bread, must leave it to high statesmanship to attempt some rescue from these horrors. But I wish we did not receive such conflicting accounts of these things. People come from abroad with the most disconcerting accounts of the high living in which they have wallowed. But the experts have their grim facts and figures, and there is no gainsaying them. Poverty in the midst of plenty? Racketeering in the midst of poverty—that is the disease of which neither economist nor policeman seems able to cure Europe.

The Colour Bar. There is another crisis about bread—it is growing not only smaller but darker. Here again I am wholly unperturbed. I *like* dark bread, and have never understood the vicious, and apparently incorrigible taste for snow-white bread from which so many addicts suffer. In America I have found it a real hardship that I have been unable to get a "doorstep" of plain, doughy bread; and to the poet's question, "Tell me, where is fancy bread?" my answer is: All over the United States. I have read and heard heated discussions about "extraction" and the food-content of the loaf, but they leave me somewhat bewildered on the question of scientific nutrition. All I know is that I prefer off-white bread to white bread, finding it tastier and nuttier—and therefore, I suspect, more nourishing for *me*, but not necessarily for you. I'll have the meat; you can have the poison.



"He speaks ever so well of the Navy . . . says the food's ever so good, and they've got some lovely ships, too."

DRAWN BY S. L. BRETTELL.

True Inwardness. Frankly, my state of perplexity about nourishment generally, and not only about bread, is chronic. Do my eyes deceive me, or do I see that one of the foremost physicians in the country (Lord Horder) has been casting doubt on the sanctity of vitamins? "One of the most staggering facts that had emerged from a recent experiment was how long a human being could be kept in a state of health without vitamins." All I can say is that if vitamins, calories and balanced diets are to be called in question, then a great many scientists, chemists and manufacturers are going to be deprived of an honest livelihood. And yet doubts do assail the mind. Watch a fast-growing schoolboy at his victuals. The astounding conglomeration of indigestibles which this young creature can stuff into himself—and thrive on it—defies all medical principles. The fact is, human beings are very unreasonable; they just *won't* conform to the laboratory rules.

The New Ammunition. How wise it was, even at the worst of the war, to ensure that these young cormorants should get a certain proportion of lollipops, and good lollipops at that! I call it wise, because there was (and is) always a chance that the seniors also could sneak a raspberry drop or a liquorice all-sort now and then. The so-called "necessaries" are not the only necessities; well-proportioned luxuries are also among the essentials, and childhood without the indulgence of sweets would be a grim thing to contemplate. I was greatly touched to see that not long ago one of his Majesty's destroyers arrived in England with its magazines stuffed with sweets from Australia for a group of children in Essex. What happier augury could there be for peace? There was a martial touch, too, for from the yardarm flew a flag brought aboard by General Eisenhower, and signed by him with an indelible pencil dipped—no, not in blood, but in whisky. It is these little human touches which make war, and even peace, almost tolerable. Turning shells into chocolate creams is even better than turning swords into ploughshares.

The Rolling English Road. Bread for sustenance and sweets for fun—it is not only in matters like these that we have surmounted all the difficulties of war. Recently I have saved enough petrol to be able to give the old bus an airing for a few hundred miles. I am astonished at the state of the roads after six years of war. I was not only on primary but on secondary roads, and I did not come across a single bad patch. The leisurely repairs which were going on seemed to be no more than one would meet in normal times. How has it been done? Only an astronomer could calculate the loads which these highways have borne; but it does not need an astronomer to observe what a single tank can do to the surface of a road. "The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road"—but, drunk or sober, he seems to have made it pretty well, laying up (or down) a certain reserve of resistance which has proved a good investment. It seems to be an argument for rolling and drinking—but we won't go into that.

"*No*, Rover! . . . Like *this*!" [DRAWN BY BEAR.]

"A baroque cake and a cup of rococo, please." [DRAWN BY SILENUS.]

Delay Action. If the roads over which I travelled had been pitted anywhere by enemy bombs—and I think some of them must have been—there was no sign of it; and I am happy to say that no UXBs detonated at me as I passed along. That was probably because most of the interesting UXBs seem to have concentrated on St. James's Park. I resent this. I object to being deprived of my favourite London view (because it is so unlike London), which is from the bridge in the Park. I miss the ducks, and it is no consolation to me that they and the pelicans are away up at the other end, making jeering noises at the Admiralty. Also, crossing the lake dryshod makes me feel like the Children of Israel crossing the Red Sea, which I find an unaccustomed sensation. As for those lads who dig the bombs out, and take their pulses, and listen to their ticking and tear them to pieces—well, they can have all *my*

[*Continued overleaf.*

The one-hundred-and-forty-first of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

medals, and I am only sorry that, by some strange miscarriage of justice, they do not include a plain dark-red ribbon.

Home-Breakers. To turn to more domestic matters—I have never been a mother-in-law, but I have always had a certain sympathy with that reviled class. They have had a great deal to put up with from red-nosed comedians, and, so far as I know, they have suffered in silence, though silence is not

"No more, thank you! You see, I'm going home to a proper tea!" [DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.]

supposed to be their long suit! Now I see that the ecclesiastics are turning on them; one Bishop says that they are causing trouble and strife in cramped post-war families. If mothers-in-law have necks—and they are said to have rubber ones—they are getting it there. Well, it would be affectation to pretend that all mothers-in-law, or any other kind of in-laws, are always models of tact and prudence; but nobody seems to remember that mothers-in-law often have a difficult job, sons- and daughters-in-law not being always models either. After all, the only way to avoid being a mother-in-law is never to be a mother, and that is asking rather a lot, and is not in the public interest. There are plenty of Mothers' Unions; I wonder that mothers-in-law don't form themselves into unions and defend their rights. I fancy they would be rather powerful.

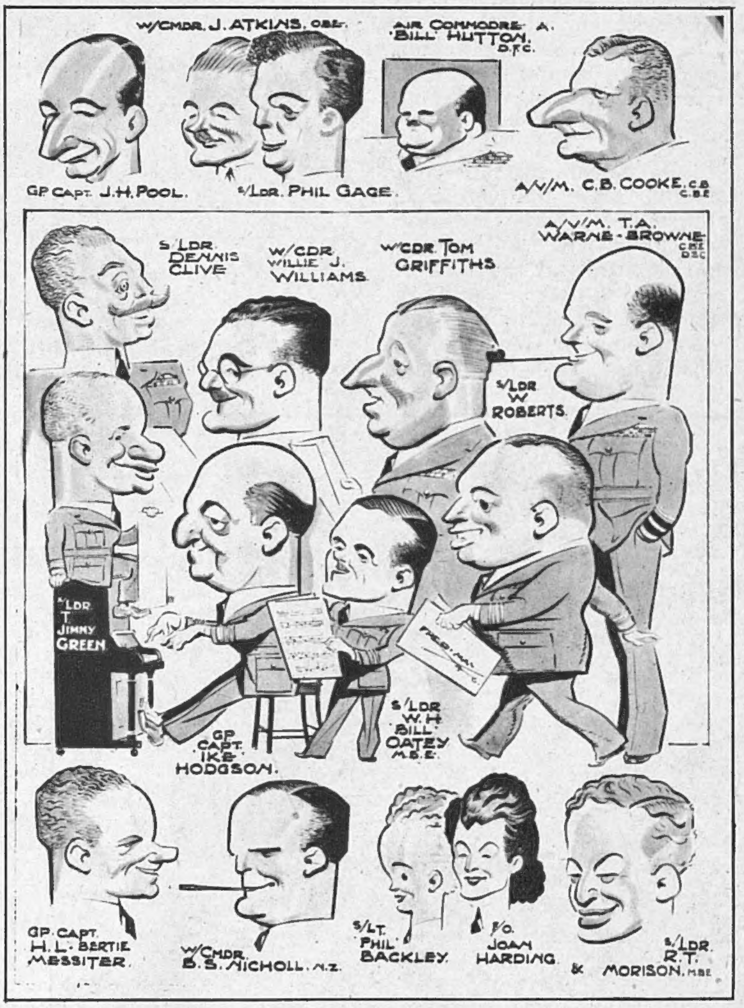
The Little More. These poor creatures are not the only objects of unkind attack. The golf-ball has also been in danger. They have been talking about making it larger. Now, if I thought that the larger the ball, the straighter I should hit it, I should be all in favour of the change; but I doubt this. For me, a larger golf-ball would be merely a larger area to take my eye off (if you will excuse my grammar). There are days when, if the thing were as large as a football, my head would still jerk heavenward with a resounding click—though I admit it would be nice to kick the brute off the tee. Let's face it—a golf-ball is a mean little, cunning, cowardly, malicious devil anyhow, and you can't alter its character by making it larger, any more than you could make a saint out of an imp by adding a cubit to its stature. Let us, I say, rather keep those ills we have than fly, slice *or* hook to others that we know not of.

Fitting the Crime.

"You can choose between having the slipper or not going to the circus." I have known sagacious parents offer this alternative—painful, but just—to erring offspring. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. I am much impressed to see that the same principle is establishing itself in our magisterial courts. A beak (forgive me, your Worship!) having a truly repentant sinner before him, said, "Now, what do you think would really give you a lesson and stop you pinching things again?" "About £25," said the defendant, "just to prove that crime doesn't pay." "£25 it is," said the magistrate. "Next case." Not for the first time, I feel that a beak can be, and often is, quite human.

"Of course, there was no story to it, and the acting was bad, and the photography not too good . . . but it was a wonderful film."

DRAWN BY BEAR.

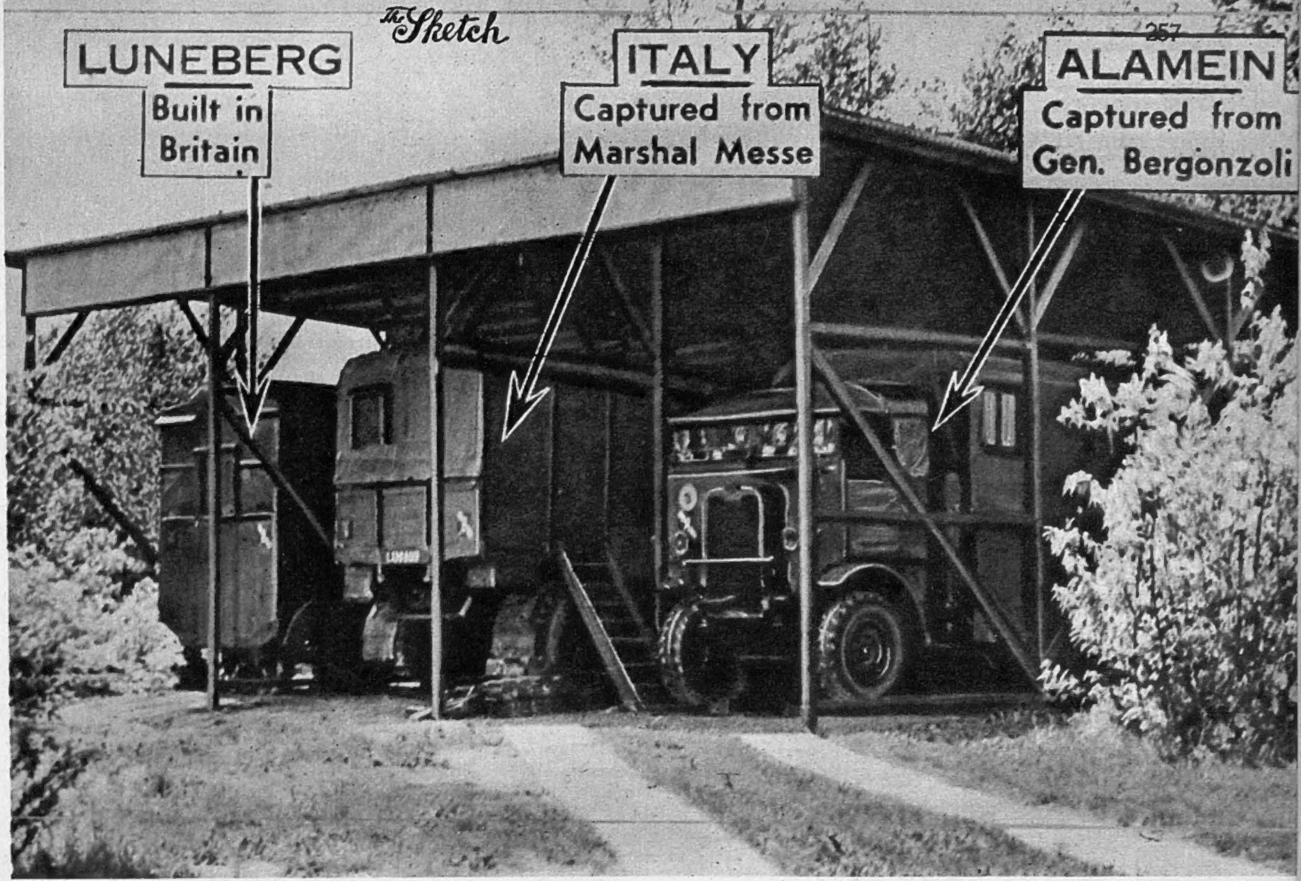


Here we have the Air Officer Commanding 43 Group H.Q. THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, *with a number of his officers. Air Vice-Marshal Warne-Browne is A.O.C. A.V.-M. Cooke is Director-General of Services and Maintenance; Air Commodore Hutton is Senior Air Staff Officer; and Group-Captain Hodgson is Senior Officer Administration. 43 Group functions include repair, production, modification and reconditioning of aircraft, marine craft, motor transport radio armament; radar installations; T.A.F. technical equipment and salvage activities. Radar forms an important part of 43 Group, and major repairs to specified types of aircraft in many cases amount to complete rebuilding.* [CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.]

Wonderful World. A lorry which was stolen the other day was carrying 22,000 jellies, which I calculate would make a jelly about the size of the Round Pond. The sudden influx of these jellies has turned the black market pink.—Molière's *Le Médecin malgré lui* has been translated into Kiswahili under the title of *Tabibu asiyependa utabibu*. It has been translated into English under the title of *The National Health Service Bill.*—New potatoes are selling at £1 a lb. I suppose the old ones are fetching only about a penny a dwt.—Somebody in America has invented a suit of bullet-proof and splinter-proof glass armour. The inhabitants of Coventry might have been glad of it during the air-raids — especially Lady Godiva.

"MONTY" SOLVES THE HOUSING PROBLEM!

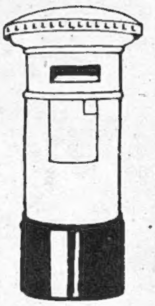
ght: When on active service, m El Alamein to Luneberg eath, Field-Marshal Viscount ontgomery lived and worked his famous caravans. Two re captured from the enemy, d one was built for him in itain. All three are now in gland, lined up in a con- nient place in the grounds of nesbury School, Hindhead, Surrey.



"MONTY" *is untroubled by the housing problem. He has his caravans, and now that he has returned to England after giving up his command in Germany, in order to take up his appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff next month, he is living in them again and perfectly satisfied with his surroundings. Portraits of three defeated enemy leaders adorn the walls of one caravan—they are (l. to r.) Rommel, Himmler and Doenitz.*

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—A few weeks ago, when the sun began shining and "Spring came with a leap in a day," Lady B. said, "Well, thank goodness I 've got through the winter without bronchitis."

The next day when I went round to see her she was sitting in front of the fire, with a shawl round her shoulders. "Are you feeling all right ?" I said.

"I 'm afraid I 've got a little cold," said Lady B. apologetically. "It 's my own fault ; I flung aside my Winter Garment of Repentance too soon."

"Of course you 're mad."

"Yes, dear," said Lady B., "but I suddenly took a hatred to my winter vests."

"I know the feeling," I said.

"It is overwhelming," said Lady B., "and it comes to every woman in the Spring, except the ones who are strong-minded enough not to wear winter vests. Pricking is all very well in the winter," said Lady B., who was talking too loudly and too fast and whose eyes were glittering, "it helps to keep you warm, but in the Spring it is unbearable. So I put on a nice silk one and went out, and, of course, that day the wind was very cold."

"Oughtn't you to go to bed ?" I said.

"Presently, Henrietta," said Lady B., "presently. When you are my age and go to bed with a temperature, you can't help wondering whether you 'll ever get up again."

"'I suddenly took a hatred to my winter vests.'"

"Lady B., darling !" I cried, horror-struck by this remark.

"Now, Henrietta," said Lady B., "I have spoken to you about this before. I will *not* have you making a fuss about death."

"That 's all very well," I said crossly.

"One always thinks the next stage in one's life is going to be awful," said Lady B., "and when it comes along it isn't awful at all. When I was a little girl I used to think how awful it would be to be grown-up, and, of course, it was wonderful; and when I was grown-up I used to think how very, very awful it would be to be middle-aged, and then that was wonderful, too. It was when I was middle-aged," said Lady B. dreamily, "that I had my Love-Affair."

"*Lady B. !*" I cried, for Lady B.'s devotion to Sir Justin, her husband, had been famous all over Europe.

"Don't look so shocked, Henrietta," said Lady B. "It was all quite innocent. Nobody knew anything about it, except Justin, of course, and he encouraged it."

"The more you tell me about Sir Justin the more I realise that he was a remarkable man," I said.

"Oh, he was. I wish you 'd met him ; you 'd have loved him. Well, you 'll have to wait till you get to heaven now," said Lady B., gazing into the fire.

"Go on about your Love-Affair."

"Oh, that," said Lady B. "Well, Justin had a lot of curious theories, and one was that a middle-aged woman should either keep a pony or have a Love-Affair."

"Why a pony ?"

"I really don't know, dear, except that chasing them about in fields with a bridle leaves people little time to brood on the might-have-been. I 've known several very successful cases, though, of course, the poor dears were *obsessed*—literally. They could talk of nothing else and were inclined to bring the ponies into the house. Justin never cared for horses, and that was why he was so pleased about Ezra. . . ."

"His name wasn't really Ezra, was it ?"

"It was, dear, though I don't expect you to believe it. He was a painter in Rome—all very romantic. Justin commissioned him to paint my portrait and we fell in love, and he made an awful mess of it, poor dear, owing to being in such a State. But Justin got him a lot more commissions and he became famous and rather a bore, and I fell out of love with him, and he married a Marquise or something and went to live in South America."

"Is that all ?"

"That 's all," said Lady B. ; "and now I think I 'll go to bed."

Lady B. was quite ill, and when her temperature went down she didn't pick up as she should. Charles was worried about her ; he said that for the first time in her life she was bored, and it was a bad sign in old people. Then one afternoon when I had gone round to get her tea, the door-bell rang, and there, on the step, was an elegant and expensive old gentleman whom I knew to be Ezra even before he handed me his card.

I went into Lady B.'s room and shut the door behind me. "Your Boy Friend 's come," I said.

"Darling Charles," said Lady B.

"No, not Charles—Ezra."

Lady B. sat up in bed. "Give me my powder-puff," she said, "and my best bed-jacket."

"My poor, poor Friend !" cried Ezra, surging into the room with outstretched hands. "How desolated I am to find you like this !"

"Thank you very much, Ezra," said Lady B., "but I 'm better now."

"But this mean little home !" cried the desolated Ezra, rolling his eyes round Lady B.'s charming bedroom. "When I think of what you used to have once !"

"'Justin commissioned him to paint my portrait.'"

"That was because of Justin," said Lady B. "Now he isn't here I haven't any right to grandeur."

"You are brave, dear Friend," breathed Ezra.

"Not at all," said Lady B. "I like living in this little flat with my knife, fork and spoon. I shouldn't be comfortable in a big house, with people starving all over Europe and living in cellars."

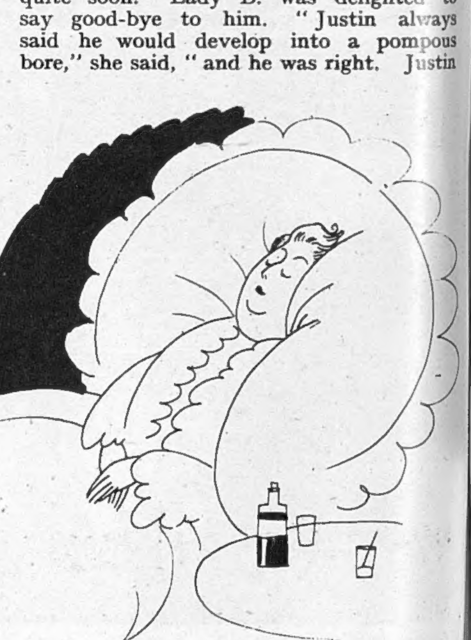
Ezra looked at Lady B. in shocked surprise. "You have become a Red," he said reproachfully.

"No," said Lady B. "I'm a Conservative, but a progressive one, I hope." Then she said more gently, "You and I have gone along very different roads since last we met, Ezra. I hope you have been as happy as I have."

He wouldn't stay to tea and went away quite soon. Lady B. was delighted to say good-bye to him. "Justin always said he would develop into a pompous bore," she said, "and he was right. Justin was always right. Put the kettle on, Henrietta, I want my tea."

She was up at the end of the week.

Always your
affectionate
Childhood's
Friend,
HENRIETTA.



"'Put the kettle on, Henrietta.'"

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, for dancing the rumba with such grace.

Our 15-stone Foreign Minister MR. ERNEST BEVIN *recently gave a reception at the British Embassy in Paris to delegates of the Big Four conference. While he was dancing the fox-trot the Horse Guards band, flown from London, suddenly changed to a rumba. For just a moment he hesitated, then changed his step, and plunging easily into the altered rhythm continued gracefully on his way undisturbed. He is seen here at the party dancing with Lady Diana Duff Cooper, wife of the British Ambassador to France.*

STAGE CAMEOS.

It has been a good fortnight for ballet. The French company at the Adelphi found their feet (if one may use so pointed a metaphor), and were much more at home during their last weeks than on their arrival. From the first the *décor* and choreography of their own creations were good, but initially the *corps de ballet* showed considerable uneasiness at finding itself transplanted from the vast stage of the Théâtre des Champs Elysées to the relative restriction of the Adelphi. They followed up their success in the delightful "Amours de Jupiter" with a striking Spanish ballet, "Los Caprichos," an excellent thing with an authentic Goya flavour and, incidentally, a lovely pair of castanets. The real event, however, has been Frederick Ashton's new ballet, "SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS," at Covent Garden. A choreographic interpretation of César Franck's music, it is a model of what such an interpretation—a "pure" ballet—should be. For many people it must at least have provided a welcome contrast to the rather indigest mime of "Adam Zero," the other new ballet recently launched by the Sadler's Wells Company.

The public as a whole fight a little shy of "pure" ballet, and are never very ready to make concessions. The audience for the first night of "Symphonic Variations" was no exception, and certainly came prepared to be critical. "I wonder," someone acidly remarked as the curtain went up, "what they 've done to *my* 'Symphonic Variations.'" We were all wondering. There was, it turned out, no need for apprehension. Ashton clearly knew what he was about. His interpretation of César Franck's music was sensitive and extremely appropriate. It conveyed almost exactly that quality of "serene anxiety" which is characteristic of so much of César Franck's music. Ashton, moreover, had worthy support. The costumes by Sophie Fedorovitch could hardly have been bettered, and the six dancers who executed his choreography (it was formidably exacting), though a little *essouflés*, stood the test well.

"Frieda" (Westminster Theatre). R.A.F. officer Robert Dawson (JACK ALLEN, *right) brings home as his wife Frieda* (VALERIE WHITE), *a German girl who helped in his escape from Germany. A Roman Catholic, to her the Protestant ceremony was invalid, and they wait to complete the formalities. Left: Dawson's mother* (BARBARA EVEREST); *and Tom Merrick* (RICHARD WARNER), *who was tortured in a German internment camp.*

Frieda's Nazi brother Richard (CARL JAFFE), *former member of the Afrika Korps, turns up in Polish uniform. Frieda: "Ricky, from where have you come?" Left is Mrs. Judy Dawson* (URSULA HOWELLS) *and Robert; right, Mrs. Dawson.*

To produce a "pure" ballet at Covent Garden is inevitably to invite comparison with "Choreartium" and "Présages," those ambitious ventures in the same *genre* which delighted us (at any rate, one of them did) long ago before the war. Ashton's ballet, though so very different in feeling and altogether more formal in arrangement, survived the comparison. This is to say that Ashton's first ballet since his release from the R.A.F. is a great success. Our best choreographer has lost none of his interpretative skill. If there is a criticism to be made of "Symphonic Variations" it is that Ashton's patterns towards the end of the ballet grow a little thin. However, as a critic has already pointed out, this perhaps reflects a certain thinness perceptible in the music itself, and is thus a failing chargeable as much to César Franck as to the choreographer.

My only regret was that I saw "Symphonic Variations" from the front stalls. At the ballet, unlike the theatre, a front stall has almost nothing to recommend it but snob value, unless you happen to be more interested in the eyelashes of a ballerina than in her feet. From the front it is often impossible for anyone but a circus giant even to *glimpse* the floor of the stage, that vital point where the feet of the dancer make contact with the ground. For a different reason the Circle Boxes, especially at the side, are almost as bad, unless in this case it is the top of the ballerina's head that interests you. It interested Degas, and it is possible that there are cephalomanes who feel the same way to-day. However, those with less exotic tastes should, at the ballet, plump every time for the Dress Circle.

Thornton Wilder in his latest play at the New sets out to give you the essence of life, love, and death, as they occur in the very ordinary lives of millions of very ordinary small-town New Englanders. This is not in itself a modest goal, and the dramatist in addition, biting off a great deal more than most people will care to chew, adds some very questionable metaphysics and a great deal of superficial talk not about life (as one had been promised), but about "life" and survival after death. All the same the critics have been unduly hard on "OUR TOWN." There is a great deal of assurance in the dialogue, and the first Act is a really remarkable evocation of those particular flavours of small-town life that Wilder is after. But the real plus marks, it might be said, begin where Thornton Wilder leaves off, for the acting and production are as good as any in London. Marc Connelly, the American who holds the stage for a large part of the three acts, has beautiful technique, great confidence, and a charm that might have ruined a less intelligent actor. His supporting cast are hardly less effective.

The production, by Jed Harris, is on the same high level. That Thornton Wilder has chosen to write a play without scenery — a thing the Chinese have been doing for centuries—is neither here nor there, though people will probably make a great song and dance about it. Whether you like this convention or not (personally I found it an agreeable change), it has been produced with outstanding ability.

The dramatisation of Enid Bagnold's novel "NATIONAL VELVET" (at the Embassy) won't do. The stage mercilessly reveals the sort of improbabilities a novelist's leisurely medium can conceal from all but the detective-reading public. It also, like some infallible scientific instrument, indicates the true "sentimentality content" of any story. In this instance, the content must be well above proof, and if taken in three acts is absolutely

Richard, who slashed Tom's face in the internment camp, is man-handled; run to earth in the Dawsons' drawing-room. L.: Eleanor Dawson, M.P. (BARBARA COUPER); *Tom; Robert; Tony* (RAY JACKSON); *Mrs. Dawson, sen.; Judy; Frieda.*

mortal—and most embarrassing. Even that faithful section of the public who read the animal page in the *Sunday Graphic* will, I think, hardly be prepared to stand for this tale of the horse "Piebald," bought in a raffle, trained in the back yard by a butcher's hand, and forced to victory in the Grand National by the disguised fourteen-year-old daughter of a female Channel swimmer. Credulity must stop somewhere, even if sentiment knows no limits.

R. F.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "PRIVATE LIVES" (Apollo). "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (Globe). "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix). SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON (Covent Garden).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "HIGH TIME" (Palladium). "THE YEARS BETWEEN" (Wyndham's). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" (Coliseum). "THE HASTY HEART" (Aldwych). "NO MEDALS" (Vaudeville). "DUET FOR TWO HANDS" (Lyric). "LADY FROM EDINBURGH" (Playhouse). "SEE HOW THEY RUN" (Comedy, 8.30). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "MERRIE ENGLAND" (Princes). "FINE FEATHERS" (Prince of Wales). OPERA SEASON (Sadler's Wells). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall). "THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion). "A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE" (Piccadilly). "SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace). "FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand). "THE SACRED FLAME" (Comedy, 6.10). "MAKE IT A DATE" (Duchess). "BETTER LATE" (Garrick). "HERE COME THE BOYS" (Saville). "NO ROOM AT THE INN" (Winter Garden). "FRIEDA" (Westminster). "THE WIND IS NINETY" (Apollo, 2.30). "OUR TOWN" (New).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THERE is a story of P. G. Wodehouse's about the embarrassment caused in a well-bred household when the wife writes an article for a ladies' magazine entitled "How I Keep the Love of My Husband-Baby." I couldn't help thinking of it the other day as I sat at the Odeon and watched the embarrassment of some of my well-bred colleagues over the film entitled "SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY."

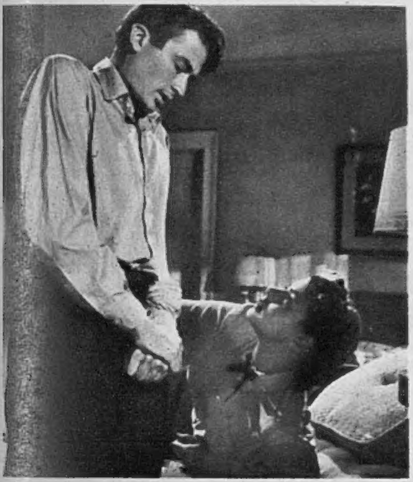
"Sentimental Journey"—great suffering shades of Laurence Sterne!—is all about an American wife named Julie, and how she keeps the love of her husband-baby. Julie, it seems, is an actress, even a great actress, although Maureen O'Hara's performance as the lady does little to substantiate the suggestion. Her doctor has told her that she is liable to die at any moment of heart disease, and this, in the beautiful words of Synopsis, worries her, "not on her own account, but for her husband, Bill (John Payne), who adores her and relies on her in almost childlike fashion." This Bill, although a celebrated Broadway play-producer, is just a great big boy at heart, who can't be happy unless he has his breakfast tray brought up to him in bed each morning, with a rose pinned to his table-napkin.

Julie, anticipating an early demise, sets out to arrange for the future comforts of her husband-baby. Her method is to adopt a child called Hitty (Connie Marshall), and instruct this appalling little precocity how to dress like her and copy her ways about the house. Then Julie pops off, recommending Bill to Hitty's care with her last well-elocuted whisper.

"Wanted for Murder" (Marble Arch Pavilion; Gaumont, Haymarket, May 19) is the psychological study of Victor Colebrooke (ERIC PORTMAN), *a man haunted by the spirit of his grandfather, a Victorian public hangman. Victor has great charm; but against his better self he strangles his girl-friends. Here, after a crime, he visits Madame Tussaud's to smash his grandfather's wax effigy in the Chamber of Horrors. Barbara Everest, Roland Culver, Bonar Colleano are among the distinguished cast.*

Hitty, after shedding a few buckets of tears, begins to bring up Bill's breakfast trays as usual; but Bill, curiously enough, storms out of the house in a pet, puts on dark glasses and goes every day to gloom over his wife's grave, gives up the theatre and abjures shaving. Even though Julie's ghost keeps popping back at intervals, looking particularly blooming and solid in a brocade house-gown, to give Hitty tips on domestic science, the child doesn't seem to be getting anywhere at all.

But is Julie beaten? Not a bit of it. She has taken the precaution of leaving a posthumous message on a gramophone record, explaining to Bill, in one of those clever nonsense statements so beloved of film-writers, that they will all three be somehow happier than ever if Hitty is allowed to start the day by bringing him his rose and the drama section. So he shaves, and puts on a clean shirt, and engages a most unsuitable governess for Hitty, and collects his old company of hams, and produces a new play on Broadway, and *that's* how Julie keeps the love of her husband-baby.



"Spellbound," with INGRID BERGMAN *as Dr. Constance Peterson and* GREGORY PECK *as J. B., is due at the London Pavilion and the Tivoli on May 19. Based on the novel by Hilary St. George Saunders, it has a background of psychiatry and psycho-analysis. In our issue of February 6 we gave a brief résumé of the plot and two pictures.*

"MILDRED PIERCE" (Warners) is the film for which Joan Crawford is said to have prayed to win an "Oscar," and did—bless her dear, innocent little heart! Subtler critics than myself profess to be able to tell you why—not why she wanted the thing, for that is surely beyond critical conjecture—but why she got it. To my taste, her performance seems just another example of accomplished Hollywood hackwork.

Mildred Pierce is described in the advertisements as "The Woman Most Men Want but Shouldn't Have." This seems to me to raise misleading hopes of a Mata Hari, a Scarlett O'Hara, or that creature in "Leave Her to Heaven," who systematically bumped off her family through an exaggerated sense of ego. In point of fact, Mildred turns out to be the loyal, sacrificial type, whose only fault is that she does not know how to bring up children. Far from wanting her, men don't even seem to appreciate her. She has two husbands, and through underrating Mildred's sterling qualities, one of them gets divorced, and the other gets plugged with six bullets from a gun.

The film starts with the second husband's murder, and flashes back to tell you the story that led up to it. It is, in the main, a story of mistaken mother-love. Mildred, a suburban housewife, has two daughters. The younger dies, with no great loss to the film, and Mildred concentrates her passionate affection on the elder, Veda (Ann Blyth). For her sake she divorces the indifferent Mr. Pierce, who doesn't appear to be doing the girl much harm, goes to work as a waitress, gradually acquires a chain of expensive restaurants, becomes rich and famous, and marries a flashy gentleman who can introduce Veda into high society. In addition she gives the girl expensive clothes, complete liberty, and an enormous limousine on her seventeenth birthday. The only thing she doesn't give her is the smallest amount of guidance in how to behave decently. As a result, Veda runs right off the rails, takes a job in a nasty night club, blackmails a rich young man by pretending she is going to have a baby, carries on outrageously with her new stepfather, and eventually shoots him when she finds he won't marry her.

This unlovely story, adapted from a book by James M. Cain, of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" celebrity, is done with a cold technical skill that cannot but compel admiration.

Without any beating about the bush, let us praise the new film at the Plaza. A schoolboy, in an essay on Wordsworth which I had the privilege of reading lately, remarked gravely, "I have nothing but commendation for the Immortal Ode." Speaking of a work on a slightly lower level, I have nothing but commendation for "THE BLUE DAHLIA." It is the first thriller written directly for the screen by Raymond Chandler, author of those first-class American mystery stories "Farewell My Lovely," "The Lady in the Lake" and "The High Window." Anybody who knows Mr. Chandler's work at all knows that he has style, and the style has, for a wonder, been allowed to impregnate the picture.

"The Blue Dahlia" is tough, tense, and economical. It has a true flair for character and a wry sense of humour. It is about a naval lieutenant who comes back from the war with a couple of demobilised friends, and finds his wife has been soaking herself in liquor and carrying on with the proprietor of a night club called "The Blue Dahlia." A couple of minutes later the wife is murdered, and the rest of the film is a double man-hunt, with the police on the track of the husband, and the husband on the track of the killer. As in all the Chandler thrillers, the final identification of the criminal is a combination of police acumen and a good deal of rough give-and-take on the part of the hero. We are told, and I do not doubt it, that Mr. Chandler had a full cast of players in front of him, and acquainted himself with their idiosyncrasies before he wrote a line of dialogue. The result is an extraordinarily happy wedding of material and manner. Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix and Howard da Silva, in the leading rôles, have parts that lie well within their capabilities, and the performance is convincing down to the smallest character.

"Dragonwyck" (Odeon, Leicester Square, May 17). Miranda (GENE TIERNEY) *takes a job as governess to the daughter of Nicholas van Ryn* (VINCENT PRICE) *at Dragonwyck. Nicholas' wife becomes ill; dies; and he marries Miranda. The son born to him also dies, and Nicholas takes to drugs; becomes dangerously insane. The doctor called in tells Miranda her husband is a homicidal lunatic, and shoots him in self-defence.*

"Somewhere in the Night" (New Gallery, May 19). George Taylor (JOHN HODIAK), *ex-Marine, has lost his memory. From enlistment papers he gathers certain personal information, but in his helpless mental state he is a victim to others. Christy* (NANCY GUILD), *a singer friend, sees him through. Together they discover a hoard of two million stolen dollars, and with them, proof that he is none other than a missing detective, Larry Cravat.*

LIEUT.-COM. VISCOUNT CURZON, R.N.V.R., *son and heir of Earl Howe, married* MISS GAY BARKER WAKELING, *daughter of the late Mr. S. F. Wakeling, of Durban, South Africa, at Paddington Register Office.*

ROBERT MORLEY *played Henry VIII. at the "1066—and All That" matinée, and again next day in the Pageant of "Bart's" in the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, which was witnessed by their Majesties. Here he is with Katharine Parr* (VIOLA LYEL) *and* O. B. CLARENCE *at rehearsal.*

Right: SIR JOHN *and* LADY HEATHCOAT-AMORY *and* LT.-COLONEL R. AMORY *(left; who has just landed the 15-pounder held by Sir John) enjoyed excellent sport salmon-fishing on the Exe, near Tiverton. Lady Heathcoat-Amory was Miss Joyce Wethered, the golfer.*

MISS PATRICIA BAILEY, *only daughter of Lady Bailey and of the late Sir Sidney Bailey, C.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., served as a Wren during the war. Her mother is giving a dance for her at Hurlingham on June 12.*

Mrs. Ernest Bevin held a reception for the delegates to the Foreign Ministers' Conference, at the British Embassy, Paris. H.E. THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, MR. DUFF COOPER, *is greeting the* FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, M. GEORGES BIDAULT *and* MADAME BIDAULT.

H.M. THE QUEEN *was obviously charmed by the seriousness and grace with which little* BARBARA ANNE ROE *curtsied to her when presenting a purse at the annual meeting of the Church Army.*

ROYAL OCCASIONS, AMBASSADORIAL PARTY, WEDDINGS, SPORT

MISS MARY CHURCHILL *went for a joy ride with* LORD PRIMROSE *at Dalmeny House, after her parents had planted their trees in the park to commemorate their visit to Lord and Lady Rosebery, after Mr. Churchill had received the freedom of Aberdeen.*

The DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF RUTLAND *posed for this photograph after their marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The Duchess was Miss Anne Cumming-Bell, and is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. W. Cumming-Bell.*

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *attended a charity dance for the first time last week—the Royal Merchant Navy Ball in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors at the Dorchester. She is shown dancing with* CAPTAIN LORD RUPERT NEVILL.

Left: SIR GEORGE BINNEY, *"Skagerrak blockade buster," who was awarded the D.S.O. in 1944 and knighted in 1941 "for special services in the supply of valuable war material,"* married MRS. EVELYN FANE *at the King's Chapel of the Savoy.*

SS CECILIA COLLEDGE *retained her title of champion British man figure-skater and the Martineau Cup, at Wembley.* MRS. ATTLEE *presented her with her trophy.*

LADY INGRAM, *wife of Sir Herbert Ingram, Bt., had a birthday-party at the May Fair Hotel. Here she is, posed with her grandchildren. They are* MOLLY, ROBIN *and* VIVIAN, *twin daughters and son of Major Herbert Ingram, and baby* ANDREW, *son of Major Michael Ingram.*

AND A BIRTHDAY GATHERING: THE SOCIAL ROUND BY CAMERA.

FOR TELEVISION—WINIFRED SHOTTER.

Like most people to-day, Miss Shotter does her own housekeeping, and has a neat kitchenette from which to make the rations go round.

WINIFRED SHOTTER, brunette actress and film-star, has been chosen out of 600 applicants as the B.B.C.'s "dark and handsome woman television announcer." Of the 600 candidates, only 98 were given camera tests at Alexandra Palace last month. She will team up with the blonde Jasmine Bligh, taking the pre-war place of Elizabeth Cowell, who married and resigned. Television, which was making great strides before the war, starts broadcasting again on June 8, and from then onwards Miss Shotter's face and voice will become familiar to lookers-in all over the country.

In a smart new spring outfit she goes shopping in Chelsea, hunting for something good to eat!

Here is a corner of her Chelsea flat. Reading and the wireless are two of her recreations.

Lucky Miss Winifred Shotter looks after her precious nylons very carefully; washes them; hangs them up to dry.

HER MAJESTY AS A BENCHER: JAMES GUNN'S R.A. PORTRAIT.

The outstanding Royal portrait of this year's Royal Academy is that of H.M. the Queen, by James Gunn. Wearing a black velvet gown with pearls, a magnificent diamond brooch and earrings, her Majesty has the black gown and silk hood of a Bencher hanging from her shoulders. The portrait was painted for the Middle Temple, to which her Majesty was admitted as a Bencher last year.

C

COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR ARTIST OR OWNER BY "THE ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED."

No more starch! Kandar, a new textile resin, being poured into a receptacle, to be applied to fabrics. It's stable to light and eliminates the need for starch for the whole life of the garment.

Billy Glass moulded these musical instruments from Plexiglass, using heat from a stove to make it pliable. They took him a year to make and cost him "a few thousand dollars."

Right: Green transparent plastic "Jeweltoned" material makes gay, dainty sandal slippers worthy of Cinderella's tiny feet.

This Turret Shower is a shatterproof transparent plastic shell with etched undersea design, illuminated by means of Plexiglass edge lighting from a concealed source.

Vinylite plastic prosthetic hands in use in veteran hospitals all over the U.S.A. are remarkable examples of modern work. They were invented by Dr. A. Nelson and Milton Tannenbaum.

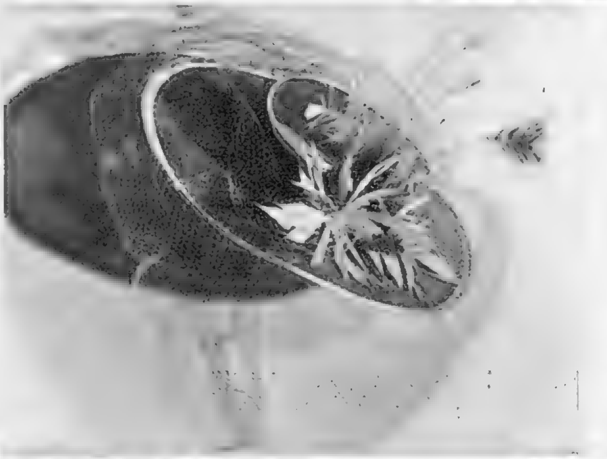
THE magic of Plastic Materials is springing endless uses have gasped at the goods on view at the Natio Pla photographs illustrate some of the uses to which these ern starch, and supplies garments with a permanent crisp ing hats are light, shimmering and transparent, and music nst celestial orchestra, whatever they may sound like! To a girl wouldn't enjoy a shower in the Plexiglass Turret Sh, the rain is a practical idea for rec

THE PLASTIC AGE—MAGICAL MATERIALS WHICH MAKE ANYTHING R

N.B. A Coloured plate ne

You can leave this lawn-tennis racket out all night in the rain and it will be taut as ever. The nylon strings from the Du Pont Company have no strands to fray either.

This saddle, shown at the New York National Plastics Exhibition by B. Vandegrift, is not made of leather, but of the newly-devised Geon.



Left: A transparent green plastic Lumarith cocktail hat would make a girl feel she was like the famous "Fée au chapeau de clarté."

Pantasote is what all these objects are made from—hat, shoes, raincoats and umbrellas. The beach umbrella and bags are examples of what you can do with the same plastic fabric

ses on an astonished world, and even New York must
Plastics Exposition at the Grand Central Palace. Our
ern materials can be put. Kandar takes the place of
ing finish which won't wash or wear out. Lumarith
nstruments of Plexiglass look like properties from a
l artificial hands can be made from plastics, and what
, while the lawn-tennis racket that can be left out in
ree, careless playboys and girls.

You can put out to sea in this plastic boat, manufactured by the D. V. Abbott Boat Company, of New York, and Co-Ro-Lite Dory with a resin-impregnated rope felex plastic.

ROM A VIOLIN TO A HAT, A BOAT OR AN ARTIFICIAL HAND.

nserted in this issue.

INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION TRUMAN.

MR. HARRY SHIPPE TRUMAN, *President of the United States, is all for America's foreign policy being universal. He has no use for isolationism, and in his Army Day speech at Chicago (which the U.S. Press called a reply to Mr. Churchill at Fulton), he said that America must be strong, and give firm support to the Allied Nations. A little later, when talking to the Board of the Pan-American Union, he rubbed in the horrid truth that "complete devastation" is the only alternative to "international co-operation." He wants America's "faithful Ally" to have the Loan and thinks that avoidance of "material distress and spiritual starvation" is the only way to peace. Here he is with* MRS. TRUMAN *and* MISS TRUMAN. *The photograph is his latest portrait. Mr. Truman became Vice-President in 1944 and President on Mr. Roosevelt's death last year.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH.

STAR-MANGLED HISTORY: "1066—AND ALL THAT" REHEARSING.

In "The Crusades" scene IVOR NOVELLO *is The Troubadour;* DOROTHY DICKSON *the Crusader's Wife; with* SHEILA SIM *and* ROMA BEAUMONT.

Magna Carta is signed by WYLIE WATSON *as King John.* LESLIE HENSON *(in bowler) is the Common Man before whom history is played out.*

FLORA ROBSON *plays Queen Elizabeth. The attendant on her right is* LEUEEN McGRATH.

And here is LEUEEN McGRATH *in the stalls with dog, watching. In the far background may be seen Henry VIII. with one of his Queens; and Cardinal Wolsey.*

Also in the stalls: GOOGIE WITHERS *and* RAYMOND HUNTLEY *(right) play Nell Gwynne and Oliver Cromwell in "Merrie England"; and* GEOFFREY TOONE *(centre) is King William in "William-and-Mary."*

Henry VIII. (ROBERT MORLEY) *and wives: (l. to r.) Anne Boleyn* (BETTY PAUL); *Jane Seymour* (DOROTHY HYSON); *Katharine Parr* (MARGARETTA SCOTT); *Katherine Howard* (ISABEL JEANS); *Catherine of Aragon* (JANET HAMILTON-SMITH); *Anne of Cleves* (HADINA VICTORIA).

ROYAL, conjugal, political, here taken at a dress rehearsal, are characters in the all-star matinée of Reginald Arkell's burlesque of English history, "1066—And All That," revived at the Palace Theatre for a special matinée last week to help the funds of the Reunion Theatre Association for ex-Service actors and actresses. The actual performance was attended by T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, who enjoyed every moment of it.

BALLETS NEGRÈS FOR BALLET-MAD LONDON.

"THEY CAME," *a ballet symbolising the clash between Christianity and primitive religion, science and the witch doctors, with* BERTO PASUKA *as the Witch Doctor.*

The WEST INDIAN ORCHESTRA, *who play tom-tom and maraca, a form of native rattle, similar to the calabash used in rumba bands. Their costumes are of startling beauty.*

The Witch Doctor (BERTO PASUKA) *and the Nurse* (PATRICIA CLOVER) *in* "THEY CAME," *one of the striking and exciting ballets, with choreography and story by Berto Pasuka.*

BERTO PASUKA *as "De Prophet." This ballet is based on a true incident. A religious maniac tries to impress converts in Jamaica by flying to heaven. He fails and goes to jail.*

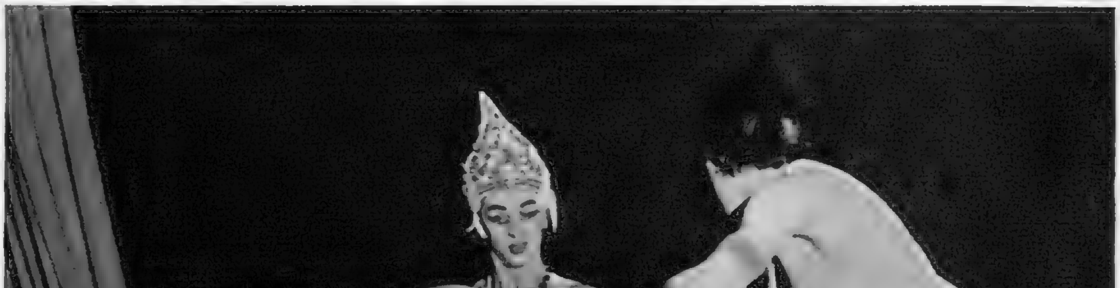
LONDON is a city of balletomanes. Sadler's Wells Ballet draws crowds to Covent Garden; there is a Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet at the Rosebery Avenue Theatre, and the Ballet des Champs-Elysées made a hit in their season at the Adelphi. Now we have BALLETS NEGRÈS at the Twentieth Century Theatre, presenting emotional dance-dreams of great passion, intensity and power, which illustrate the culture of the negro race in the West Indies. The season opened on April 30 with "They Came," "De Prophet," and "Market Day." Another ballet, "Aggrey," was presented on May 6. Berto Pasuka, *premier danseur*, is responsible for the choreography and the story of each ballet.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

" S KUNTALA," *classic Indian love-story by Kalidasa, as a ballet: King Dushyanta* (ERNEST BERK; *centre, kneeling*) *with his lo Sakuntala* (LOTTE BERK). *Sarva D ana, their son* (CHANDRA SANKAR), *is bet en them, and Matali* (JAMES WHITE) *behind.*

NDIAN BALLET— RECENTLY SEEN IN LONDON.

BALLETS of all nations have been seen in London at different times, and still the taste for this form of art and entertainment grows stronger. On our facing page we give photographs of the Ballets Negrès, and here are illustrations of an Indian ballet built on a classic Indian story, "Sakuntala." Ernest Berk, European exponent of Indian dancing, arranged the epic drama in dance form. His wife, Lotte, took the part of the maiden, Sakuntala, and from the Indian colony in London he recruited his company, who included Retna Mohini, famous Javanese dancer who has studied the intricate movements and symbolism of Indian dancing, and was principal partner to Ram Gopal. A two-night run for charity was planned, but three extra performances had to be given to satisfy the big demand for seats.



King Dushyanta (ERNEST BERK) *has been separated from his beloved Sakuntala. He receives a message from Indra, King of the Gods, delivered by the Charioteer, Matali* (JAMES WHITE), *bidding him ascend to Heaven to meet Sakuntala.*

" SONGS OF THE 'TWENTIES ": BEA LILLIE *and* WALTER CRISHAM *in a witty re-creation of the fashions and song-hits of a quarter of a century ago.*

" TO HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS ": BEATRICE LILLIE *and* MURRAY MATHESON *as the fond wife and husband saying good-bye at a railway-station.*

BEATRICE LILLIE, *star of the Garrick Theatre's new revue, " Better Late," in a characteristic pose from one of her numbers.*

" BETTER LATE " — BEATRICE LILLIE !

" BETTER LATE," new Garrick Theatre revue, gives BEATRICE LILLIE plenty of opportunity for displaying her gifts for comedy, and gentle satire in many scenes, songs and sketches of varying wit and merit. She is the aristocratic foreign autocrat who applies for a job as maid, the wife who says goodbye to her husband at the station, a school-girl triplet, a musical-comedy star of half-a-century ago, and Lady Windermere in her full finery of the 'nineties, but she is perhaps at her best as herself in her final group of songs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER BENDER.

" AT YOUR SERVICE ": JOAN SWINSTEAD *as the Lady in Search of a Maid, and* BEATRICE LILLIE *as the remarkable foreigner who applies.*

" LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN ": BEATRICE LILLIE *in her own special version of Oscar Wilde's celebrated comedy.*

" TRIPLETS ": PRUDENCE HYMAN, BEATRICE LILLIE *and* VIRGINIA WINTER *as three of a kind, the girls who dress alike and do everything alike, but hate each other.*

JACK HULBERT *as a very odd Wren, leads* BOBBY HOWES *away in "Wavy Navy Joe."*

BOBBY HOWES *in "Wavy Navy Joe" does a brilliantly contrived shadow dance—with someone else's shadow.*

"It All Adds Up to You": BOBBY HOWES *in a sentimental number of the Saville Theatre revue.*

"Be Good, Sweet Maid": BOBBY HOWES *and* ELSA TEE *in their sketch "Keeping the Maid."*

"Mexico": JACK HULBERT *and* RUTHENE LECLERCQ *singing "Kisses burn—love is like a cigarette—See the smoke curling in the air."*

"HERE COME THE BOYS"—JACK AND BOBBY IN TOP-HOLE FORM.

"So long, Excitement!" BOBBY HOWES *with* GEOFFREY DENTON *as the Policeman in "Wavy Navy Joe."*

"HERE COME THE BOYS" at the Saville is a lively new musical show, with JACK HULBERT and BOBBY HOWES as the Boys, who play "as themselves" in the witty opening scene and then adopt various disguises. The fun is topical and the revue goes with swing and gaiety.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

M. MAURIAC'S novels are so intimately concerned with the religious life that they almost constitute a call to religion. Other writers—Hawthorne and Dostoievski—have been as spiritually-minded as he; others—George Eliot and Henry James—have been equally alive to moral problems. But none that I can think of regards a human being as first and foremost a soul to be saved, as M. Mauriac does. Hence his preoccupation with sin. We have often heard "No cross, no crown"; of M. Mauriac one might almost say, "No sin, no story." Not only are his characters all sinners, but they are seen and presented in relation to sin. Behind the drama of what happens to them in this world—and their experiences are dramatic enough—is the drama of their progress in the spiritual world and the fluctuating odds on their chances of salvation. Everything they do or think leaves them nearer to or further from this goal.

A Dangerous Woman. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have had the admirable and public-spirited idea of printing translations of all M. Mauriac's novels; and "A Woman of the Pharisees," the last to be written, is the first to be published. It is the story of Brigitte Pian, a woman whose spiritual conceit led her to interfere in the lives of all with whom she came in contact; she persuaded herself that her motives were good, but until her moment of enlightenment, she did nothing but harm. Grouped round her, an ever-increasing harvest, are the lives she has wrecked. Octavia and M. Puybaraud, whose marriage she blighted; the boy Jean de Mirbel, and Michèle, her own stepdaughter, whom she kept apart, to their great hurt; her husband, for whose death she was largely responsible; the Abbé Calou, a saintly priest who was deprived of his office partly as a result of her machinations; and one might include, I suppose, in the tale of ruin her stepson, Francis, for though he came off better than the others, being more intelligent and more on his guard, his nature seems to have been decidedly soured, especially as regards his attitude to women.

I believe that all the miseries of our human state come from our inability to remain chaste, and that men vowed to chastity would be spared most of the evils that weigh them down (even those that seem to have no direct connection with the passions of the flesh).

ANATOLE DE GRUNWALD is the brilliant young producer whose film "The Way to the Stars" recently won the National Film Award as the best British picture made during the war years. Responsible for the scripts of seventeen film successes of recent years, including "Quiet Wedding" and "The First of the Few," he turned producer with the Laurence Olivier film "The Demi-Paradise," of which he was co-author. His new programme will continue his fruitful teamwork with Terence Rattigan and Anthony Asquith.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. GOODMAN.

Improbabilities. Francis tells the story, and it is at once apparent that, in spite of having access to two diaries, he reveals far more about the characters than he could possibly have known. M. Mauriac, like many French novelists, has no profound respect for probability or plausibility. I cannot believe that a country priest would keep a private dossier entitled "False Women" (though if he did, the Comtesse de Mirbel's name would rightly go into it). I find it hard to believe that a boy of sixteen or seventeen, already deeply stirred by his love for Michèle, would, in spite of rebuffs, display such a frantic attachment to a mother who had grossly neglected him for three years. And sometimes when M. Mauriac is in a difficulty he solves it by introducing a character of monstrous wickedness, like the chemist's wife who varies her unmentionable activities by seducing Jean.

When wickedness is about, M. Mauriac becomes a little irresponsible. But this does not affect his power as a novelist. Power is *par excellence* the quality he possesses, power and intensity; his voice has more certainty, more authority, than that of any living novelist. He never hesitates or fumbles. He states, or allows others to state, things that a novelist less certain of his convictions would express by suggestion or leave unexpressed. He even dares to give us a recipe for right living. Associating himself with Brigitte, the Abbé Calou says:

Both of us, she ruled by her reason, I by my feelings, have been inclined to believe that it is our duty to interfere in the destinies of those around us. I do not deny that it is the first duty of the sacred office conferred by priesthood—as, indeed, it is part of the duty of every Christian—to preach the Gospel: but that does not mean that we should try to turn our neighbour into a replica of ourselves, nor force him to see with our eyes. Of ourselves we can do nothing. Our concern should be to walk before the Divine Grace as the dog goes in front of the invisible hunter.

Mr. Gerard Hopkins' English version is so good that it should rank as one of the memorable translations.

A Picture Come to Life. "The Woman From Nowhere" is a fable in which is wrapped, most appetisingly, a brief sermon for the times. The times, as expressed in manners, deportment and women's fashions, do not appeal to Mr. Brophy; so he brings back a woman of the 'nineties, dressed in the clothes of the 'nineties but, miraculously, still as young as when she conquered the hearts of the French Impressionists—to point the difference between then and now. Mr. Brophy is sparing with phantasy, perhaps too sparing. We could welcome more of those shuddering moments, such as the transformation of picture into lady, and the other intimations of the supernatural which make one's flesh stir like a cold wind. By comparison, some of the realism seems a trifle prosaic, and even a trifle strained; frankly, we cannot believe that even in this age, so avid of sensation, a lady walking in the streets dressed in a bygone fashion, would be mobbed by reporters and find her picture in every paper. But this is a small point. Much more important is the fact that Mr. Brophy has been able to give not only resurrection but life to the lovely *revenante*; she is a person, she speaks with her own voice, and her surprised reactions to the phenomena of to-day are credible and even convincing. Less convincing, perhaps, is her foil, the A.T.S. officer, Jenny Johnson, who so blatantly stakes her claim to the recently-demobbed Major Scattergood.

I think he takes his foundling's permanence a little too much for granted; surely he should be in a fever lest she disappear the way she came? She realises her danger, but he does not. There will be few of Mr. Brophy's readers who will not feel, and many who will yield to the temptation to "look on" and see how he solves the problem he has set himself. I was completely satisfied with the *dénouement*.

A Romantic Girl. It seems extraordinary that a man who writes as well as Mr. Cecil Lewis can should harness his story to a theme so improbable, so wilfully defiant of all likelihood, as that of "Yesterday's Evening." That the well-born, well-brought-up Austrian girl, chafing at the education that was trying to make a Nazi of her, should fall in love with an English painter fifteen years her senior who had admired her appearance and her ski-ing prowess, is not at all unlikely. Nor is it unlikely that she should have wanted to follow him into Italy, to enjoy the tonic of his presence. But that her careful, conventional mother should have given the project her blessing—that is very hard to swallow, as is (to me) the whole of Saul Caravel's subsequent relationship with Greta Karlson.

But the incident is only an outboard motor to drive a story which, of itself, would have too little momentum. Mr. Lewis's real subject is Saul's experiences in the village in North Italy where he went to build a house for some well-to-do English friends. Menate was a little paradise; and the people there, and their way of life, did much to restore Saul's faith in human nature. The idyllic days that accompanied the building of the house are exquisitely described, and I have never read a book which gave a more vivid impression of the sweetness and sanity of the Italian peasant nature, unwarped by Fascist doctrines.

Summoned back to England, Saul has to undergo the trial of his mother's last illness: a heart-breaking episode, most feelingly described, but still an episode, scarcely integral to the story. What talent Mr. Lewis has, what multiform awareness, what sensitiveness to beauty! What insight, too, into the moods of the creative artist! For want of a controlling design, he squanders his gifts, yet the impression of beauty, born under Italian skies and nourished by the beauty-loving Italian nature, remains.

Double-Crossing in Canada. It is difficult to write a new kind of thriller; but I think Mr. Milward Kennedy does break fresh ground when he makes the "I" of his story a secret agent of whose allegiance neither foe nor friend, nor even the reader himself, can be quite sure. We cannot acquit "Fred White" of trying to mislead us; but then, from time to time he misled everybody, including Major Voss (or Vosper), who escaped with him from a German prisoner-of-war camp in Canada. On their journey to Quebec, where the Big Three—or at any rate two of them—were expected, Voss and "F. W." met with many adventures, and a charming girl; it is when they reach the excited city that the fun begins. "Escape to Quebec" is written in a rather breathless style that enhances its ambiguity; and even those who are not taken in by the hero's mystifications will want to learn how he achieves his ends.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

A Woman of the Pharisees. By François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.*)
The Woman From Nowhere. By John Brophy. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
Yesterday's Evening. By Cecil Lewis. (*Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.*)
Escape to Quebec. By Milward Kennedy. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

After a seven years' lapse, "Cope's Racegoer's Encyclopædia" is in circulation again. The 1946 edition, interesting, informative, entertaining, qualifies for first place in the Turf man's library. It contains a mass of information and Turf lore; records of classic races for fifty years back; and a first-class ready-reckoner for backers.

Pin-up Girl: No. 52. Belita.

This still of BELITA, *beautiful English ice-skating star, was taken in one of her ice-skating specialities, the East Side, West Side number, a ballet on ice, in Monogram's "Suspense," a King Brothers production. Belita began her career at an early age, and was well known in this country as Belita Jepson-Turner, child ballerina and ice-skater. She has appeared on the American stage in ice-skating numbers and in several successful films.*

COPYCAT.*

By R. P. ODELL.

It was really most reprehensible of Mrs. Lampluff. She should not have opened the door with a mop in her hand and one of her husband's handkerchiefs wrapped round her head. An airman stood outside.

"Mornin', dearie," said A.C. Bill Corby. "Old Groupy wants 'is bit o' scrambled egg."

"Er—I beg your pardon, but *who* did you say?" asked Mrs. Lampluff, a little taken aback.

"Come orf it! Groupy. The Station Master. Group Captain Lampluff, O.B.E., 'is very self!"

"Oh, I see! And what did you say he wanted?"

"Is 'at. The pretty one. 'E's only got 'is fore and aft, and that ain't good enough for the date 'e's got."

"Just a minute." Mrs. Lampluff disappeared for a moment and returned with her husband's hat. Bill Corby took it, placed it on his own head and strutted about in libellous imitation of his Commanding Officer. Mrs. Lampluff felt she ought to intervene.

"Hadn't you better take that off?" she suggested.

"Why? Is 'is old woman about?" asked Bill, hurriedly replacing his own hat. "What's she like, by the way?"

"Well—er—not bad. Just an ordinary sort of person, you know," replied Mrs. Lampluff, going a little pink.

"Thought so. She'll 'ave to watch 'er step, she will."—"Why?"

"Between you and me and the doorpost, sweet'eart, 'er old man's a bit of 'ot stuff with the W.A.A.F. You 'ad no trouble with 'im, I s'pose?"

"Er—no—nothing to speak of."

"It's my opinion 'e's got a crush on the Queen Bee," Bill nodded portentously. "That's why 'e wants 'is smart 'at."

"Who's the Queen Bee?"—"What? You a Waaf and don't know your own C.O.?"—"But I'm not——. Yes, of course, how stupid of me," said Mrs. Lampluff, hurriedly correcting herself.

"Flight Officer Barlowe. She's the goods, she is. Paints 'erself somethink awful. There's no accountin' for taste. But I must be getting along. Bye-bye for now, dearie."

Mrs. Lampluff watched him depart with a brooding look in her eye. Her blood was up.

When Group Captain Lampluff returned home the wrong side of midnight, his wife's blood pressure was no lower, as was indicated by the forcefulness of her knitting.

"You still up, my dear?" he said conversationally.

"Obviously," replied his wife. "Where have you been, may I ask?"

"Round at the Officers' Mess. They've been having a party, and I thought it my duty to make an appearance."

"H-m. Which Mess? R.A.F. or W.A.A.F.?"

"Er—as a matter of fact, it was the W.A.A.F. Officers' Mess."

"Why wasn't I invited?"

"You wouldn't have enjoyed it, my dear. Naturally, you *were* invited, but I didn't——" "I want to meet the Queen Bee."

"You want what? Oh, I see, my dear." The Group Captain laughed nervously. "I've never heard you use slang of that sort before. But you wouldn't like her. Not your type at all."

"Nevertheless, I consider it *my* duty as your wife to meet her. You will invite her to tea to-morrow and you will be here yourself, too."

"Yes, dear."

"Who was the airman you sent to fetch your hat?"—"Bill Corby."

"I want him here to-morrow, too, to help get the tea ready."

"But, my dear, he's the dumbest erk on the station."

"I want him."

Bill Corby had the shock of his life when he reported for his new duties at the Station Commander's residence the next afternoon. He found Mrs. Lampluff busy in the kitchen.

"'Ere we are again, dearie. Got a rise, I 'ave, from batman to a lot of P.O. Prunes to butler to Groupy's missis. Where is she?"

"I am the Groupy's missis, Bill Corby."

Bill's nervous system caused a shudder to pass through his frame.

"Beg pardon, Mum," he said at last in a hoarse voice. "No offence meant, I'm sure."

"Forget it, Corby," said Mrs. Lampluff. "The Queen Bee—that is, Miss Barlowe—is coming to tea to-day, Corby," she continued. "You're here because you seem to me to be an observant man. When she comes, you're to open the door to her and show her into the drawing-room."—"Yes, Ma'am."—"You're to do more than that. I want you to keep your eyes open and notice what she's got on and report to me in my room."

"But she'll be in uniform, won't she?"

"I don't mean her clothes. I'm more interested in her lips, complexion, eyebrows and finger-nails."

Bill chuckled. "O.K., Ma'am. You can rely on me."

In due course Bill Corby was to be found closeted with his new mistress. Mrs. Lampluff had not been mistaken in trusting the Cockney powers of observation. Not only was Miss Barlowe's appearance faithfully recorded, but her somewhat affected manner of speech and the undoubted presence of the scent.

Dismissing her fellow-conspirator, Mrs. Lampluff got busy. Though she never normally used cosmetics of any sort, she had not been a member of her local Operatic Society for nothing.

By the time she made her appearance in the drawing-room, both her husband and Miss Barlowe were awaiting their hostess with every appearance of awkwardness.

"My dear," shrilled Mrs. Lampluff, advancing on her guest, "I simply *must* apologise for keeping you waiting like this. But I was looking a perfect hag, and simply *had* to put something on."

It was clear that Miss Barlowe was in a position to understand. Quite an appreciable amount of Air Ministry time must have been sacrificed to achieve the results which her appearance revealed. But they paled into insignificance by comparison with her hostess. Mrs. Lampluff's lips resembled a too-well-developed rosebud; her eyebrows were long, thin and straight over eyes whose sparkle was intensified by their darkened surroundings. Her richly-coloured cheeks showed unusually high cheekbones. Her finger-nails, which she made no attempt to conceal, gave evidence to the bluest of blue blood.

To say that Group Captain Lampluff was taken aback would be to describe his feelings mildly.

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Lampluff," said Miss Barlowe, recovering her poise. "Of course I *quite* understand. It's our *duty*, is it not, to look our best?"

Just to show that she was not in the least ill at ease, she leant back in her chair, produced an implement from her bag, and did a little polishing to her already-shining finger-nails. Mrs. Lampluff went one better. She produced a nail-file. Her husband glanced from one to the other in intense disapproval.

"What a delightful house you have here, Mrs. Lampluff," said Miss Barlowe, polishing languidly.

"I'm *so* glad you like it, my dear," replied Mrs. Lampluff, scraping industriously. "You'll have another cup of tea, won't you? And what about yours, Eustace?"

Having collected all the cups, Mrs. Lampluff managed to mix them up so that her husband found himself presented with one which had a red semi-circle imprinted on its edge. This was too much. Speechless with rage, he got up and rang the bell.

"Get me a cup, Corby," he ordered, as that worthy answered the summons.

"I could 'ave sworn I brought three," muttered Bill, scratching his head.

"Get—me—a—cup," repeated the enraged officer with ominous distinctness. "And take this away," he added.

"Yessir. At once, Sir."

Even Miss Barlowe began to sense a taut atmosphere, and her replies to her hostess's gay and affected prattle became less assured. Partly from force of habit, but partly to cover this lack of assurance, she began the operation of repairing the ravages of tea. To all these actions, Mrs. Lampluff gave emphasis by following her companion's example, chatting gaily all the while. Bill Corby prolonged the process of clearing the tea-things so as to watch the performance.

"You simply *must* come round to the Mess sometime," said Miss Barlowe, producing mirror and compact.

"My dear, I should *adore* it," replied Mrs. Lampluff, following suit and contriving to flick some powder over her husband's trousers. "I always think Mess life must be *so* romantic."

"I don't *quite* follow, Mrs. Lampluff," Miss Barlowe said, patting her face professionally.

"Don't you, Miss Barlowe?" Mrs. Lampluff dabbed ostentatiously. "So many *men*, my dear. In uniform, poor dears. Too, too handsome. At least, some of them." She darted a look at her husband to indicate that he was not included.

"Quite," replied Miss Barlowe, who couldn't think of anything else to say. She extracted lipstick from her bag.

"Of course, *I* like the junior officers best," continued Mrs. Lampluff, rummaging in her bag. "*So* young. But I know some girls prefer them with more rings on their sleeves. I wonder why?"

Miss Barlowe seemed unable to answer this question. Her hostess was silent, too, because she was replacing the colour she had transferred on to the tea-cup. It involved considerable contortion of the lips. It was this operation which finally broke the bounds of her husband's restraint.

"I hesitate to break up this pleasant party," he said, "but I think our guest has some duties to attend to. Haven't you, Miss Barlowe?"

The unfortunate Flight Officer wilted at the official glare directed at her. But she withdrew, in not very good order.

Group Captain Lampluff turned to where his wife was standing with a smile at the corners of her lips. He glared at her.

"Now perhaps you'll explain yourself. Why all this theatrical effect? Also, why——" he gulped with emotion, "why call me Eustace?"

"It *is* your second name, isn't it, Dick?"

"Possibly. But I do not, repeat not, like it. You haven't answered the first part of my question. Why all the scenic effect?"

"I thought you preferred it," said his wife innocently.

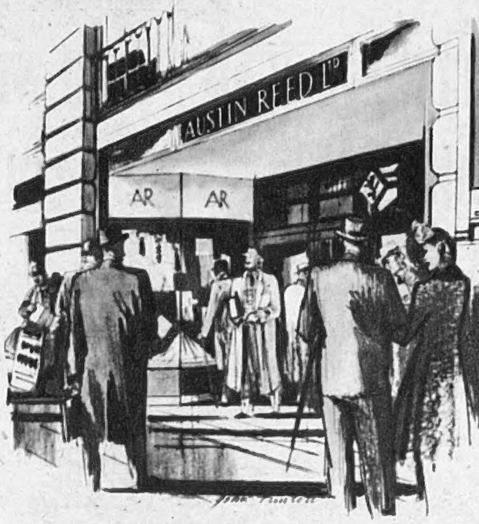
"What gave you that idea?"—"Bill Corby."

The Group Captain gaped, then slowly went crimson as he grasped the full implication of this reply. He swallowed convulsively, then spoke with great deliberation.

"Go—and—wash—your—face."

[THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*



Brighter Intervals

Without asserting that the plenty has returned, we can say that from time to time we have enough suits to restore the real pleasures of selection . . . more hats than heads . . . more ties than necks. And we can cheerfully assure you that a visit to Austin Reed's is never without some reward.

AUSTIN REED *of Regent Street*

London and Principal Cities. London Telephone: REGENT 6789

Fundamental principles of engineering perfection are part of the Rolls-Royce tradition. They have been faithfully adhered to in every detail of the "Silver Wraith." In addition, not a little of the pleasure of driving this latest Rolls-Royce is attributable to the experience gained by Rolls-Royce in these recent years. Chassis price £1835

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, 14-15 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 6201

Haig

THE production of Scotch Whisky of the quality of Haig cannot be hurried, so the present shortage must continue yet awhile. But it is only a matter of time before it will again be possible to obtain Haig simply by asking for it.

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

As long as supplies are limited .... take unlimited care of your

NORTH BRITISH TYRES

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LTD
EDINBURGH & LONDON

"MILLION POUND" FILM STAR MODELS COATS FOR YOU

The coat on the left is of black facecloth Cut on easy lines, it buttons right across the chest and has a lovely wrap-over skirt. Dolman sleeves ensure a comfortable fit over a suit. *Frederick Gorringe* of Buckingham Palace Road are the stockists. Below, off-white velour has been used to make a warm summer coat with waist-long revers and attractive flap pockets. In this case *Woollands of Knightsbridge* are the stockists. Both coats are *Meredith* models made originally for export only, but now, fortunately, in the home market.

PHYLLIS CALVERT, Gainsborough star of such successful films as "Kipps," "Madonna of the Seven Moons" and "They Were Sisters," modelled these coats specially for "Sketch" readers. Known as the "million pound" film star, because that is the sum brought in by her last two pictures in this country alone, Miss Calvert is leaving Britain for Hollywood in a couple of months' time. There she is to play the lead in the film of Rachel Field's novel, "Time Out of Mind." Husband Peter Murray-Hill is to accompany her to America, but they will have to leave behind their three-year-old daughter Ann Auriol.

Starred for Smartness

Jumper suit in rayon jersey, powdered with stars. Beautifully tailored and fastidiously finished. Willow-slim skirt and neat patch-pocketed jumper. Navy/white, pale blue/white, gold/white, red/white. Sizes : 12, 14, 16, 18. £15.10.9 and 10 coupons. Women's Shop, 4th Floor.

SIMPSON (PICCADILLY) LTD • 202 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 • REGENT 2002

A SLIP IS NO MISTAKE . . WHEN IT'S MADE OF 'CELANESE'

'Celanese' TRADE MARK

MAKES THE BEST USE OF COUPONS

EXPERIENCE COUNTS!

THAT IS WHY YOU CAN RELY ON

Carr's of Carlisle

Manufacturers of Biscuits

ESTABLISHED 1831

STILL THE LEADERS FOR QUALITY

©C937

Clarks of Street have retailers in nearly every town. Please choose from the styles you find available

* *Roxanne*

Austerity regulations are gone—styles can be toeless, open-backed. This new shoe comes from Clarks, in smart black gabardine with a comfortable platform sole and wedge heel—some plain, some trimmed as illustration.

Clarks

One of the many attractively designed Capes in fine quality

Silver Fox

59 GNS
(3 Coupons)
sent on approval

Illustrated Catalogue free on request

Specialists in *Fur Remodelling* moderate charges

City Fur Store

110 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

ON THE SHELF

"Hawkins, why are you poised at that dizzy height?"

"*I am searching, Sir, for the third volume of Plutarch's Lives.*"

"And why this sudden yearning for classical biography?"

"*I do not require Plutarch for my own consumption, Sir. It is the result of a telephone request from Mr. Basil.*"

"I should hardly think it is in Basil's line either."

"*No, Sir. But it was behind that particular volume that he concealed his private Rose's Lime Juice at the party, fearing that supplies might run out.*"

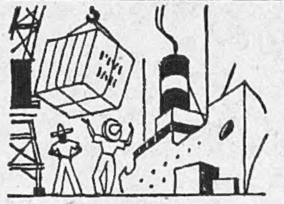
"They didn't."

"*I know, Sir. But now Mr. Basil plans a party at his own flat, and he wants his Rose's urgently.*"

ROSE'S—*There is no substitute*

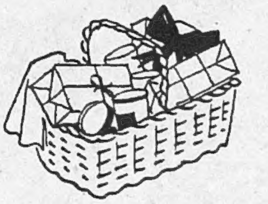
THE A.B.C. OF SAVING—No. 7

IMPORTS



1 Many things we need have to come from abroad. These imports must be bought. But — before Britain can buy, she must earn enough to pay. How does Britain earn?

2 Britain earns by selling her goods or services. To pay for her imports she must export . . . sell her wares overseas in exchange for the things she buys overseas.



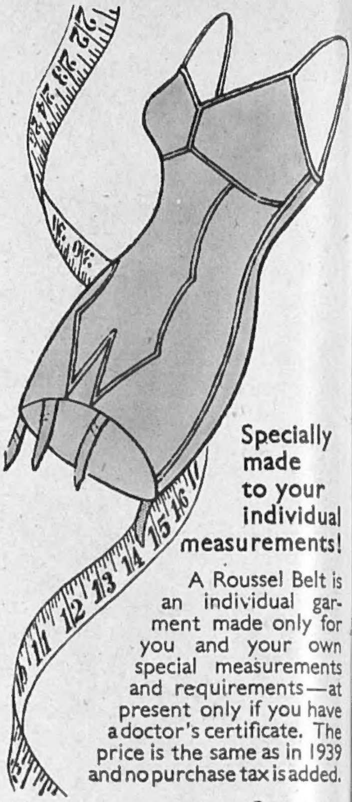
3 Once Britain's overseas trade is going full swing, there will be plenty of goods for us at home as well as for our customers abroad. But exports must start the ball rolling.

4 The more we can help the country to export, the more we'll be helping to import the things that make for comfort and prosperity. Let's buy as little as we can ourselves — and invest our money in National Savings.

SAVE FOR PROSPERITY

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS IN NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES, DEFENCE BONDS, POST OFFICE AND TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS.

Issued by the National Savings Committee



Specially made to your individual measurements!

A Roussel Belt is an individual garment made only for you and your own special measurements and requirements—at present only if you have a doctor's certificate. The price is the same as in 1939 and no purchase tax is added.

Roussel Belts

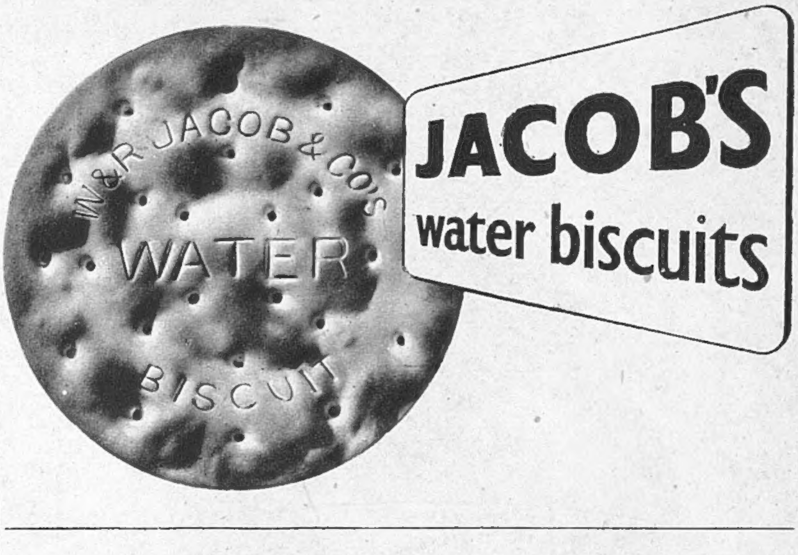
J. Roussel Ltd.
177 Regent St. W.1. Tel. REG. 6571
and at Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, etc.

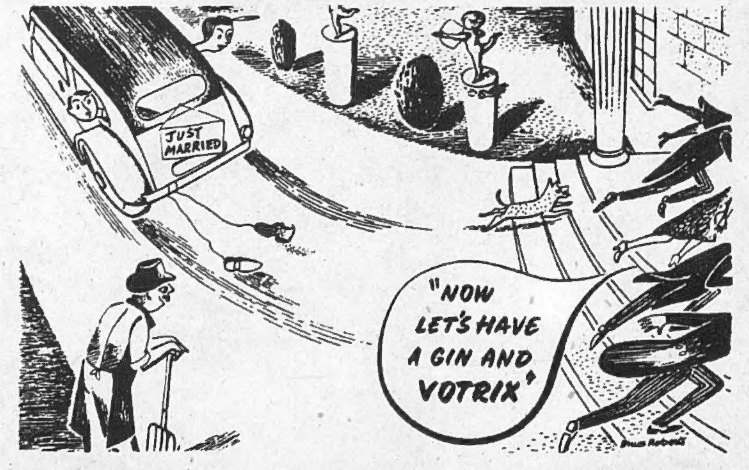
'Milk of Magnesia' (Regd.) Tablets

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.





VOTRIX VERMOUTH SWEET OR DRY 9/- Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey

Valstar "66" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

In normal times the best shops have "VALSTAR." Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.

VALSTAR LTD., Salford 6, Lancs.
also at 314 Regent Street, London, W.1.